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THE

LADIES ELEGANT JESTER,

OR

FUN FOR THE FEMALE SEX;

BEING

A CHASTE AND DELICATE SELECTION

OF

GOOD THINGS,

WRITTEN

By Mrs. Montague, the Countess Aisborough, Lady Douglass, the Countess of Wimbledon, and other Literary Ladies;

WHOSE

Bon Mots, Witticisms, Cutting Repartees, and Curious Puns, have enlivened the fashionable World for nearly a Century past; together with

MANY ORIGINALS,

BY

ANN SOPHIA RADCLIFFE.

"*Amongst the lively sort of writing, none is so much wanted as "a witty book for the Ladies.*"

Mrs. W. Montague's Letters

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Respect to Age.

In the Panathenæa, (a course of solemn games at Athens) an old Athenian came late to the theatre, and found it difficult to procure a seat. The audience even made a jest of him, calling to him *Here is room;* and sitting close when he came to the spot, so as always to reject him. The old man, being in great distress, not only with toiling along, but with being made a public laughing stock, at length came to the seats of the Spartans, who, all rising to a man, gave him the best place among them. At this, the whole theatre resounded with shouts of applause; and the old Athenian rising up, exclaimed, "the Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practise* it."

Irish Bull.

When the Irish peasants come over to work at the harvest, the general salutation between them and their acquaintances when they land is—"Ah, Paddy, I am glad to see you on the other side of the water."

Habit of Swearing.

A person asked the minister of his parish what was meant by "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "My good friend," said the Minister, "it means that he had *got a habit of swearing*."

Tax on Windows.

Two gentleman passing by some new houses in London, one of them observed that there were too few windows, but by saving the tax it would be good for the *liver*. "True," says the other, "but damned bad for the *lights*."

A Method of clearing Justice.

A slave of Omer, the viceroy, fled from his service, but was retaken, and brought before the king, who, at Omer's instigation, condemned him to death. The slave upon this said, "O king, I am an innocent man; and, if I die by thy command, thy blood will be required. Permit me then to incur guilt before I meet my sentence. Let me kill this Omer, my master, and I shall die contented. It is for thy sake only I desire this." The king, laughing at this new mode of clearing his own justice, acquitted the wretch.

A Loan.

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the college of St. Catherine, who sent for a purse of reals, and gave them to him. The borrower took them, and put them in his purse without counting them. The schoolmaster observing this, asked for

for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it to the chest, said, "A man that borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

The Biter Bit.

The son of a country squire was in love with a daughter of a cow-herd; and promised her marriage, if she would permit him to use a husband's privilege beforehand. She consented. Soon after the squire forced his son to marry a rich heiress. At the celebration of the wedding, the cow-herd's daughter intervening, was not appeased but by payment of a round sum. At night the bride asked her husband, "What occasioned the tumult?" who told her the story. "What a foolish girl!" said the bride, "to tell it to the world. My mother's man *lay with me* when he pleased, for these two years, and I never told it; nor should to you, dearest, but that my mother says there should be no secrets between man and wife."

Physician Fee.

A Bath physician visiting a patient who was very ill, used daily to receive his guinea from the gentleman's sister, She happening to be out of the way at the last visit, when the patient was in the very jaws of death, he (almost unable to speak) desired the Doctor to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a guinea. "But, my friend," said the Doctor, by way of a good thing, "would not that be rather like *picking your pocket?*"—"*Very like it indeed!*" said the dying man.

Epigram.

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave;
Still w——s and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis this that makes us disagree,
So different is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
And I could cry for him.

Wit.

In a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit? The doctor replied, "My lord, *wit* is like what a *pension* would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—*a good thing well applied.*"

Spectacles.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
And who could neither write nor read,
Seeing the good old people use,
To read with things across the nose,
Which they for ever wore about 'em,
And said they could not read without 'em;
Spying a shop where such like things,
Hang dangling in a row on strings,
It took him in the head to stop,
And ask the master of the shop
If he could furnish folks that need,
With glasses that could make 'em read;
Sell 'em a pair of what d'ye call it,
Would fit his nose, and wouldn't gall it.

The

The man his draw'r in one hand took,
The other ope's a bible book;
The draw'r contains of glasses plenty,
From three times five to five and twenty;
Some set in horn and some in leather,
But Robin could approve of neither;
And when a score of pairs he try'd,
And still had thrown 'em all aside,
The man grew peevish—Bob grew vext,
And swore he couldn't read the text.
"Not read! confound you for a fool,
I'll hang if you e'er went to school;
Could you e'er read without the help
Of spectacles?"—"Why no, ye whelp;
Do people that can walk without,
Buy wooden legs to stump about?"

Moses.

A boy being catechized was asked who was the *wickedest man*—he answered, Moses. "Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "how could that be?"—"Why," said the boy, "*he broke all the commandments at once.*"

Genealogy.

A Scotch gentleman has written a genealogical account of his family for upwards of *twelve thousand years.* Towards the middle of it there is a *N. B. About this time the world was created!*

A native of one of the Hebrides being joked about the smallness of his island, the most centrical place not being four miles from the sea, an Irishman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly

ingly swearing, That *no part of Old Ireland was half so near it!*

Member for BARK-*shire.*

A dog having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted *Lord North*, who happened to be opening one of his budgets.—His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new Oppositionist he was attacked? A wag replied, "It was the new *member for* Bark-*shire*."

Bon Mot.

During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of strong body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member: "I think," said he, to the president, "I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word;"—"True," replied the other, "but I am afraid you are only a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word."

The Man of Genius.

A young gentleman at the University of Cambridge, who was know to have a very pretty talent for making verses, having one day found the "*furor scribendi*" particularly urgent, retired into his own apartment, to indulge himself in his favorite occupation. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and as the warmth of his imagination corresponded with the fervor without, his poetry could not fail to be uncommonly *glowing*. He accordingly began as follows:

The sun's perpendicular heat,
Illumines the depth of the sea:

He

He had proceeded thus far, when Phœbus, whose beams are sometimes found to inspire sleep as well as genius, exerted the former power upon him with such effect, that in a few minutes he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian coming into the room while the poet was in this situation, and seeing from the paper which was laying before him, the nature of his employment, he immediately added two other lines to the above, in order to complete the verse. The *man of genius*, awaking soon after, to his utter astonishment and confusion read as follows:

The sun's perpendicular heat
Illumines the depth of the sea:
" *And fishes beginning to sweat,*
Cry'd: D—n it how hot we shall be."

The Medicine Chest.

A careless surgeon of a man of war,
Who seldom minded much the sickly tar,
But always, with him whatsoe'er the matter,
Prescrib'd a plenteous dose of *salt sea water;*
Wishing once to have a cruize ashore,
His friendss perhaps to visit, or a w——:
In going down the vessel's lofty side,
He got a slip, and plung'd into the tide:
On deck, the captain strutting to and fro,
Heard the loud splash and bustle down below;
And calling in a sharp imperious tone,
Desir'd to know. *what fun was going on.*
" Only, Sir," cry'd a tar who lov'd his jest,
" The doctor's slipt into his *Med'cine Chest.*"

Curious

Curious Explanation of M. D. F. R. S.

The keeper of a paltry alehouse had on his sign, after his name, the letters, M. D. F. R. S. A Physician, who was moreover a Fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "I have as good a right to them as you have."—"What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. "I mean," returned the other, "that I am *Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fuzileers.*"

A Dialogue.

The Alarmists. Do you not see those men upon the heath?—a strange, sour looking gang, with a parson at their head.

John Bull. I think I do; but I am somewhat near-sighted.

Alarmist. There have been many robberies committed on this heath formerly,

John Bull. So I am told.

Alarmists. You heard of the terrible fire last night over the river at Gaulstown?

John Bull. I did.

Alarmists. A most shocking fact—supposed to have been set on fire by the gypsies. There was horrid plundering and murdering; and several women and children found roasted in the rubbish.

John Bull. Indeed!

Alarmists (significantly.) Those people must be the very gypsies.

John Bull. They are coming this way, sure enough.

Alarmists. Highwaymen of the worst sort! You had better be upon your guard. Housebreakers, footpads,

footpads, pickpockets, fortunetellers, all in one! There are several foreign ruffians come over lately to join them.

John Bull. I have a deal of property about me.

Alarmists. The soldiers are very near; we had better see them to stand by us.

John Bull. Aye, do, do.

A Bystander. Really, Sir, there is no danger.

John Bull. No danger, wretch! I suppose you are in league with the rogues. Precaution is always prudence.

Alarmists (severally.) Let me take charge of your watch, Sir.—Give me your gold, Sir.—I'll keep your pocket-book—these bank notes are better destroyed, Sir.—Will you not take out your buckles too?

John Bull. You are really very kind, gentlemen—but now I begin to see the men plainer, I think I know them: O yes, perfectly. They are only the people that come from the Dipper's meeting. You may return me my property, gentlemen.

Alarmists. That, Sir, is impossible; 'tis all disposed of.

John Bull. Disposed of! how disposed of? I might as well have given it to those poor fellows. 'Tis all one to me whom I am robbed by.

Alarmists. True, Sir; but it is not all one to *us.*

Prince Ferdinand reproved by a Watchmaker.

Prince Ferdinand took great pleasure in visiting the shop of an ingenious watchmaker, at Geneva, and passed there many hours. One day, he found written over the chimney-piece, in large characters —" *The hours of the industrious are lost by the intrusions*

trusions of the idle." Conceiving immediately that this sarcasm was levelled at him, he thought it proper to apologize for his intrusions, and to assure the artizan, that, if he had made him spend his time unprofitably, he would willingly make him any recompence. To this the watchmaker said, "Sir, I assure you, in putting up this I had no such intention as you suppose; the time which your Highness passes in my shop is to me a great pleasure, and I consider myself very highly honoured by your visits; but at the same time, I shall tell you very candidly, that your Highness has been the occasion of this hint." The astonished prince having desired the watchmaker to explain himself, he said, that while his Highness was engaged in the campaign, he lost half of his time by people coming into the shop to announce his victories.

The Two Dreamers.

It is a custom among the Canadean Indians, that when one dreams that another has rendered him any service the person dreamed of thinks it a duty to fulfill the dream if possible. A chief one morning came to the governor, Sir William Johnson, and told him that he had last night dreamed tha Sir William had made him a present of the suit of regimentals he wore. The governor readily presented them to him; but as the Indian was going out, "Stop," said he, "I had almost forgot, but I dreamed of *you* last night; I dreamed that you gave me such a tract of land," describing a large tract.—"You shall have it," said he; "but if you please, Sir William, we will not *dream* any more."

Elegant Compliment.

A French officer being just arrived at the court of Vienna, and the Empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered, with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

Angel's Face.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when *her* lips *once* touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And, therefore—drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain
He got a DEVIL pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

John star'd with wonder petrify'd,
His hair stood on his pate;
And, "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
"At this enormous rate?"——

"John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop;
For then 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the DEVIL—*a drop.*"

Appendix to the Life of Jack the Giant-Killer.

When that distinguished duelist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king: prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in all of them. "Then I think," says the king with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER."

How do you do?

At the assize of Gaernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welchman was tried for some petty offence. The judge, in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied in his shire manner, "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh," says the judge, not hearing him distinctly, "How do you, my friend?"—"Pretty well, I thank your lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted a quarter of an hour.

hour. His lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

Chatterton the Poet.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "You are in tears Mr. Chatterton." "Yes, Sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!"

The White Mice.

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate John Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one

morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would pay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed, which the doctor very generously sent him.

Comedy.

Mr. R——s, a dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to one of the theatres, assured the manager, that it was a production by no means to be *laughed* at.

A Hog

A Hog the only Gentleman.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c—"Every thing, massa, *work* in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England."

Remarkable Bravery.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers to go in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? He said, That he had *cut off one of the enemy's legs;* and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh, said he, you must know *his head was cut off before.*

Epigram.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head;
Who sigh'd but dare not shake it!—
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it

A Detection.

A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company

slily pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the sideboard, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket: and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body, to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks*."

A Pillory Conversation.

An English and a French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit. The English gentleman insisted that it was common here among the very mob; and to convince the other of the English superiority, he carried him to Charing-cross, where a man stood in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house. The populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill-treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory, sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself.

Upon

Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said, "It is my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, "Served his time to it! You may be sure he has; do you not see that he has set up for himself?" "Set up!" said another, "how can that be set up, when he stands?" "Why you foolish dog," rejoined the second who spoke, "do you not know it is a standing business?" And now a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "Harkee, cocky," said he, "had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs?" "Aye, sure, master," replies the man, "though it was on account of some sort of jokes I got my head into this hole." At this time a barrow woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her with, "Well, Moll, what brought you here?" To which she returned, "Curiosity, and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered." "Fool!" says the fellow, "what do you mean by that, you slut?" "Why," rejoined she, "you must be a fool because you can neither read nor write." "Very true," answered the porter, "but I can set my mark;" and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye: this brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman, seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said, "The English shine in *war* as well as *wit*."

A Pot I carry.

There was a notable fat apothecary revelling at a tavern in Fleet-street; and, when his comrades had

had given him his load, they sought for one to carry him home. A porter was found, to convey him in a basket. He got him up with much trouble, and coming to Temple-bar, the gates were shut, for it was twelve at night. The porter knocks, the keeper comes, and desires to know his business. The porter answers, "A thing of great weight." Upon seeing the basket, the keeper asked what was in it, the porter answered, "*A Pot I carry.*"

A Pair of Spectacles.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned of first, without speaking one word; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession of importance. "Good people," says he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see *a pair of spectacles.*"

The Watch.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence;* upon which, the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence,* my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds.*" "Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake.*"

Heraldry.

Mr. Quick happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman,* when heraldry became the subject of conversation: the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a baronet's

baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, Sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

No distinction at the Gallows.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I *won't* keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."

May-Day.

Through the streets on May-day you have seen without doubt
In sooty procession, a chimney-sweep rout,
With a garland of bushes parade;
Dress'd in barristers three-tail'd perukes from rag-fair,
With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
And chalk paint on their chubby cheeks laid.
Thus gaily bedight, they dance jigs at your door;
And a concert of shovel and brush goes before!

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
At exertion so awkward, and pride so absurd,
With so trifling advantage in view;
But should you advise, with however grave face,
Any one to abandon his music and lace,
He would laugh as profusely at you!
In comparing importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all to ourselves—that we think we appear!

The London Advertisement-makers out-done.

A provincial attorney lately advertised an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms: "That he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to *treat* in this business; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter in *preliminaries*, either upon the principle of the *status quo*, or *uti posidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine qua non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum!*—assuring the public, that as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and duly *guaranteed*."

The Cranes.

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane which was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observed several cranes at roost upon one

one leg; but his master shouting, they put down the other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too."—Currado laughed, and Chinchilly escaped.

The Wisdom of Solomon—a Fact.

Mr. Charles ——, who was several years in the T——y, used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the office, to pass by the canal in the park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the duckey duckey duckeys, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgot them. "Poor duckeys!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry, and cannot get you some bread; but here is sixpence for you to buy some;" and thereupon threw a sixpence to the ducks, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wisely* told the whole of the story to some gentlemen, with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the belly of one of them, which he gave to Charles to cut up: our hero was surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning; enraged, he bid the waiter send up his master, whom he saluted with the epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," says he, "Gentlemen, this *very* morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

Park." One of the gentlemen in the sesret assured him it was a mistake, for that the ducks then on the table came from a friend of his at St. Alban's; on which Charles asked pardon, and peace was restored to the company.

Epigram

Miserum est alienæ incumbere Famæ. JUV.

" My *ancestors* acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of Fame;
Laurels in war my *grandsire* won;
My *father* in the senate shone;
My ——" " Stop, Sir:—say what *you* have done!"
" Done!—all their honours I inherit!"
" True, great Sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

The Reproof.

A person was mulcted in a large sum by some understrappers of the state. He complained to the chief magistrate, who was indolent, and attended not to his petition. The man went to him repeatedly. At length the magistrate was angry, and said, " How long wilt thou make my head ache with thy complaints?" " The man replied, " My lord, thou art our *head*, where else can I go?" The magistrate stood reproved, and redressed his grievance.

Partnership extended.

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, " as she is more conformable to Richard Southall than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

Epigram.

Says Crispin to Nell,—" Why d'ye grumble, my dear?
Saint Monday our calling must ever revere!"
" True," cries Nell, " but of late I've good reason to speak,
For your saint has converted *each day* in the week!"

Madame Helvetius.

A lady of the world said, in speaking of her and of her husband—" They do not even pronounce the words, *my husband, my wife, my children*, like other people;" to express the affectionate union which existed between this pair.

This woman who was possessed of so much love, used incessantly to say—" I do not love women;" and she said so truly; for she found them vain, and that self-love was the passion they had much at heart.

Madame H. made a jest of pretensions to nobility, (though she was the daughter of the Count de Ligneville, and allied to the house of Lorraine.) The Mareschal de B——, her kinsman, once reproached her with not knowing her family, and not going into mourning for an illustrious relation. " I cannot tell," replied she, " whether I was of his family; but pray did he know that he belonged to mine."

She was the happiest woman because she loved the —— much; she felt her happiness, and boasted of it incessantly. The last word she spoke was to Cabonis, who was pressing her hands, already in appearance cold, and calling her, " My good

mother;" (she died in the 80th year of her age,) to which she answered, " I am that still."

The Adventures of the young Whipstitch.

A Tale.

A London taylor, as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvass, tape, and thread,
Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garment found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had ever done,
Left *thirty thousand* to his son!

The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his fine silver-hilted sword;
Tho' short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat:
Beau Ganter begg'd to have a look,
But when the sword in hand he took,
He swore by G—d it was an *odd* thing,
And look'd much like a *taylor's bodkin.*
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession;

Sheathing

Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause for grief,
For dining off some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some *cabbage* or a cucumber?
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteel retreat;
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast *goose*:
And that he might no more be jeer'd
Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out;
His glass not full, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a *thimble* full;
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reck'ning and went off.
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
"Snip, Snip," the host was often call'd,
At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge remov'd,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up:
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a *remnant* sha'n't be sav'd.
The name of remnant gall'd him so
That he resolv'd to York he'd go:

There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up:
" Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
" You go thro' *stitch*, Sir, with your work."
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
But ere he went, enquiries made,
By what strange means they knew his trade.

" You put the cap on, and it fits,"
Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits;
" Our words, in common acceptation,
Could not find out your occupation;
'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
To find out both your trade and you.
Vain coxcombs, and fantastic beaus
In ev'ry place themselves expose;
They travel far at vast expence,
To shew their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool."

A new Way to prevent Horses being frightened.

" Indeed you have spoiled" said one citizen to another, " the look of your nag, by thus cropping his ears so close—you had a motive for so doing no doubt?" Why yes, friend Turtle, I had, for the horse had a strange nack of being frightened, and on the least occasion would prick up his ears and look for all the world as tho'f he had seen the devil; therefore, to prevent the like in future, *I cropt him.*"

The celebrated Dr. Perne.

Among the many brilliant flashes of wit attributed to this singular character, the following, perhaps,

perhaps, is one of his happiest strokes. The doctor happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was no totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely—"Do," says the doctor, "and he will *confirm you.*"

On a bad Singer.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons *die* before they sing.

On a modern Dramatist.

Not for the stage his plays are fit,
But suit the closet, said a wit.
"The closet?" said his friend, "I ween
The *water-closet* 'tis you mean."

Portrait.

"Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who shewed him a portrait, which he had just finished. "I made that attempt already," replied the painter, "but what the picture gained in expression it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture, with the face perfectly like, and perfectly *meaningless*, as you see it."

On Fancy; a Song.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

The Historian.

A young gentleman, endowed with a strong and retentive memory, had stored up in it without reflection or application, a succession of reigns, of battles and sieges; and often set a prating mal-à-propos, on such events. One of his companions expressed much surprize at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up such a store. "Why, truly," replied he with frankness, "it is all owing to my bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up such an unconscionable time in dressing my hair that I am glad to read to keep from fretting; and as there are no newspapers or magazines to be had in this country, I have been driven to history, which answers nearly as well."

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mistake me not for my complexion.
The shadow'd livery of the burning sun
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature, northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest; his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded swains of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Epitaph.

Epitaph.

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
Thus cry'd Drone, by touch transported—
" Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly!
" Is not loving long a folly?"
" Yes," said she, with smile reproving,
" Loving long, and *only loving*."

Prayers of no avail.

The frequent prayers put up at times in the churches for rain, remind us of an honest West country parson, who when desired to pray for rain, answered, " I'll willingly do it to oblige you; but it is to no purpose, *while the wind is in this quarter*."

Dialogue between an English gentleman and an Irish Innkeeper.

Eng. Gent. Hollow, house?

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Gen. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Gent. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

Eng. Gent. I see,—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Gent. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. Gent. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Gent. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. Gent. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Gent. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call myself an odd fish.

Eng. Gent. I think so. I hope you're no sharp.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Gent. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Gent. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Gent. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. Gent. I must see myself?

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

Epigram occasioned by the unparalelled high price of Bread.

A benevolent sire, whose numerous race
At his want stricken table had each ta'en their place,
With appetites sharpen'd by labour, were seen
To devour their allowance with relish most keen.
The first who had finish'd, pray'd, " Father more bread."
" You can have none," the parent compulsively said.
The arch belov'd beggar replied, " By this knife,
You have told us that bread is the staff of our life."
" True, boy; but that friends may prove foes is now shown,
For that late friendly staff has knock'd me quite down."

Scotch

Scotch Repartee.

A countryman in Scotland, who was very fond of apples, especially if they came cheap, was one day getting over the hedge into his neighbour's orchard, who happening to be walking towards the spot at the time, cried out, " hoot, hoot, Sawny, where are thee ganging ?" " Bock again, now you are there," replied the thief, with the utmost sang froid.

Breslaw the Conjuror.

This gentleman was some time ago at Canterbury, accompanied, as he generally is, by a vast number of inferior familiars, where he exercised his dexterity with so little effect, that the whole body of them had almost undergone starvation.—This was a fate which was deemed by the whole combined junto much more preternatural than any other effect of their art, and they set about a device to prevent its accomplishment. Mr. B—— went to the church-wardens, and proposed giving the profits of a night's performance to the poor, provided the parish would pay the expences of the house, &c. which they agreed to, and gave him the money he told them would be necessary for the purpose. An advertisement was accordingly inserted, and hand-bills circulated, announcing that Mr. B—— and his company would give one night's performance to the poor. The charitable artifice succeeded, and the house was filled. The next morning the parish officer waited upon the conjuror to receive the money for the purpose of distribution. " I have saved you that trouble," says Mr. B——, " I have already disposed of the money." " What !" replied the officers, " did you not

not promise in your bills that the profit of the benefit should be given to the poor!" "Very well," rejoined Mr. B——, "and I have been as good as my word; I have given it to my own company, who I am sure are de poorest people in dis parish." "Sir," resumed the officers, "this is a trick."—"I know it," says hocus pocus, "I live by tricks." The disappointed churchwardens found it was useless to set their wits against a conjuror's, and were obliged to depart without their booty.

Gluttony.

About ten years ago the Duke of Queensbury made a bet of ten thousand guineas, that he would produce a man who could eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find: The bet being accepted, the time was appointed; but his Grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success, and accordingly received the following note—"My Lord, I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace, that your man beat his antagonist by a *pig and an apple-pye.*"

Careless Couple.

Jemmy is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children send.
So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known here weary ev'ry claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;

But

But when in quest of nicer food
She clucks amongst her chirpping brood,
With joy I've seen that self-same hen,
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing,
To take my girl without a shilling.
And for the self-same cause d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

Quackery.

A foolish idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all persons whatever; and as by chance they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A countryman called on him to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass which he had lately lost. The quack bad him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his ass. The clown spread a report, that he knew a doctor who sold pills that would recover strayed cattle.—These pills must be of a very *searching* nature,

Literature.

Run for on Saltburn Sands on the 3d day of April 1800 A match by two Horses for ten Guines Each the best of two four-mile Heats and to carey Eight Stone Each Noallows for Wast Likewise a Tea Kettle to be shut for by far Board Guns Also Aside of Beaken to Be shut for on the a Bove proposals With other Devertion as yousel All Despuets Ariseng to Be thear Detrimened By two persens

Be

Be fore the Race Nomeneated all Porsens that Wishes to shut for the a Bove Preses is Desered to mite at the Hous of William Lavereck Sene of Pak Hos Saltburn by Ten of the Clock in the for Nown upon a Count of the Hoses Runen By Two in the after Nown.

Method of Selling a Wife. A Fact.

The method of selling a wife, which I understand from experience, is for the head of the man to be ornamented with horns, and a collar round his neck, to which a ring and cord is fastened; the auctioneer is to lead the husband, and he the wife with a halter about her neck: Thus led a couple met me as I was taking a roam round the adjacent parts of a village in Yorkshire, curiosity led me to be one of the spectators. The auctioneer began to proceed to business, by informing the company present, that the parting was by mutual consent, to which the parties bowed approbation: He then put up the lot consisting of the lady and a purse of ten guineas, but found by sad experience that there was no demand for the article.—"A going, a going," said the auctioneer; "I assure you, gentlemen, you loose an excellent opportunity of making your fortune, and promoting future happiness; the money you bid is not near the value of the purse attached to the lot. He immediately after knocked down the article to a sedate old bachelor, who paid the money out of the purse and march'd off, amidst the acclamations of several thousand spectators.

Eastern Hospitality.

An infidel prince was brought captive before the caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who advised him to embrace the faith of Mahomet, which he refused; upon which he commanded him to be put to death. "Let me not die thirsty," said the prince. The caliph ordered him a cup of cold water. "Let the executioner," said the prince, "put up his sword till I have drank it." The caliph did so. The prince drank a little, and poured the rest on the ground; after which he exclaimed, "Now, O caliph, put me to death." The caliph dared not to sin against the rights of hospitality, yet wished to punish a dangerous foe. He consulted a casuis; who advised him to keep the prince in solitary imprisonment during his life. The prince, on hearing this sentence, immediately became a mussulman.

May no Miscarriage
Prevent my Marriage.

Matthew Dowsell, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, *whenever that may happen*,—and to return to Bothell, to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted*;—Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb, to be *roasted*;—Wm. Elliot gives a hen, to be *roasted*;—Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be *roasted*;—William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be *roasted*.

And, in order that this *roastment* may be well *basted—do you see*,

Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse,

give each of them, *a pound of butter*:—The Advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives Notice,

To all young women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present *disengaged*;—and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet, in this case, *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be—*first come, first served.*

So come along lasses, who wish to be marry'd;
Mat Dowsell is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd.

BLACK-*Guards.*

An impious punster, on hearing that the *spiritual* part of the community (the clergy) were about to *embody* themselves for the defence of the county, after making some observations on their *sable* attire, and how ill the sword would become it, exclaimed, "Oh! England, unhappy England, to what a condition are you reduced, when you are to be indebted for the defence of your rights and interests to a band of *black*-guards."

Comfort.

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first* child, but *never afterwards.*"

A delicate Reproof.

To reproach the vices of another is very hazardous and difficult. The confessor of Barnabo, viscount

count of Milan, surprised this nobleman in company with a courtezan. Bernabo, in great confusion at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. "I know not, my lord," replied the discreet monk, "what I should have done, but I know what I *ought* to have done."

A Bon Mot.

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, employed in an embassy to Florence, with great parade and ostentation, wore several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen

The Fat Abbé.

An abbé, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," said the peasant, looking at him jocosely; "for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning."

Madness.

A Spanish ambassador going on his mission to Africa, lodged in his way at a convent in Navarre, where many insane people were accommodated. One person, who appeared rational, told the ambassador that his relations had shut him up there, and that their interest at court had detained him there, though he had given several proofs of a sound mind; and begged his grace to apply to the king for his release. The ambassador pitied the man,

really judging him to be ill used; and promised him to apply to his majesty, if he would tell him his name. "I am," replied the maniac, "the angel Gabriel, who carried the message from heaven to the Virgin Mary." On his progress, he lodged a second time in Granada, at a monastery of the same description, and fell into discourse with one of the lunatics, whose story was, that he had done eminent services to the king of Spain, and that his son, in order to take possession of his estate, had confined him among madmen; and he begged his grace, on application to his majesty, to obtain his release. The ambassador mentioned to him his former commission from the angel Gabriel. "Do not mind that fool, my lord; he is a liar: for if he had been the angel, I should have known it, as I am God the Father himself."——Great care should be taken to keep madmen from the palaces of kings. Henry the second's life was attempted by a madman. Mahomet Bass, a general of the Turkish army, was killed by a madman at the head of his troops: and our most gracious king, George the third, has twice been in great danger of losing his life; once by Margaret Nicholson, and very lately by James Hadfield, who fired a pistol at his sacred person, on his coming into Drury Lane theatre. Henry the fourth used to say very frequently—"Protect me from madmen! Men in their senses will never do me any harm."

Clerical Gown.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection;" replied, "It may be *mine*,

mine, but it shall not be *yours*;" pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

Conjugal Affection.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assure qu'il ny a personne qui la regrette plus que moi;* (I assure you, Sir, no one regrets her more than I do.")

Passionate Temper.

General Sutton, brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate: Sir Robert Sutton the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his valet de chambre was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;"—and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John, you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton, starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more, I'll knock you down."

To do Nothing requires Assistance.

A master of a ship calls out, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, Sir."—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, Sir."—"Is Tom there?"—"Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?"—"Helping Will, Sir."

Legs in Store.

A general officer in the battle of Blenheim happening to have one of his legs shot off by a ball,

burst into a loud laugh: "How fortunate it is," said he, "I have *two more* in my portmanteau!"

Eels.

A gentleman, seeing a woman skinning some eels, said to her, "How can you bear to be so cruel? Don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?" "Why, I might, Sir," she replied, "when I first began business; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time they must be *quite used to it.*"

The Lion and Mouse.

An English knight, who had behaved very insolently to queen Elizabeth, when she was only a princess, fell upon his knees before her, soon after she became his sovereign, and besought her to pardon him, suspecting (as there was good cause) that he should have been sent to the tower. She immediately answered very mildly, "Do you not know we are descended from the lion, whose nature is not to prey upon the mouse?"

Comment on the Catechism.

A clergyman, explaining the catechism to some girls belonging to a Sunday school, told them their christian name was given them when they were admitted into Christ's church, and became christians; desiring them to recollect the proper answer, should he hereafter repeat the question. After a few intervening observations—"Well, my love," said he, "when was your christian name given you?"—"When I was a baby, Sir!" she replied.

Subject

Subject for a Surgeon.

A man, sitting one evening at an ale-house, thinking how to get provisions for the next day, saw another, dead drunk on an opposite bench. A thought instantly struck him; so going to the landlord, he said, "Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" "Aye, to be sure," returned he; "and half a crown shall speak my thanks." "Agreed," said the other, "get me a sack." A sack was brought, and put over the drunken guest, Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist; when he knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said a voice. "I have brought you a subject," replied the man, "so come, quick, give me my fee." The money was immediately paid, and sack, with its contents, deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick had pretty nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone five minutes, began to endeavour to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, and cried, "Why, you dog, the man's alive!" "Alive!" answered the other, "so much the better—kill him when you want him."

Epigram.

Our fashionable belles and beaux,
With all their sight entire,
Stick up a glass before their nose,
And each becomes a *spier*.

Hail times! hail ton! hail taste refin'd
Which makes e'en failings please!
And finds a joy in being *blind*—
To every thing one sees!

Grave

Grace after Dinner, at a Miser's.

Thanks for this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness:
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimnies have smpak'd that never smoak'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

Oroonoko.

At an inn in a market-town upon the great road leading to Holyhead, where a country company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers, an Irish gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper —a tall meagre figure stalked in, and with an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, he retired with a sigh: repeating his visit a second time, he exclaimed, "By G—d, that fowl will never be done in time."—"By J—s," says the Irishman, "what do you mean? that fowl is for *my* supper, and *you* shan't touch a feather of it." —"Oh," replied the other, "you misunderstand me: I do not want the fowl; but I am to play *Oroonoko* this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the *jack-chain*."

City News.

Last Monday all the papers said
That *Billy Pitt* was surely dead;
Ah—then what said the City?
The *tenth part* sadly shook the head,
And shaking sigh'd, and sighing said,
"Pity! indeed, 'tis pity!"

But

But when the said report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Ah—then what said the City?
The other *nine parts* shook the head,
Repeating what the *tenth* had said,
" Pity! indeed, 'tis pity!"

A Negro's Just Remark.

A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard; which being granted, he asked, " If white man buy stolen goods, why he no be flogged too?"—" Well," said the judge, " so he would."—" Dere den," replied Mungo, " is my massa, he buy *tolen goods; he knew me tolen, and yet he buy me.*"

Freedom of Speech.

The tyrant Hijjauje *, one day in hunting, was separated from his attendants, and meeting with an Arab, said, " What sort of personage is your sovereign?" " Cruel, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and adulterous," replied the man. " Dost thou know me?" said the tyrant. " No," rejoined the Arab. " I am Hijjauje," answered he. " Dost thou know me?" said the Arab. " No," was the reply. " Know, then, that I am one of the land-holders of this desert, and the members of our family are by fatality afflicted with insanity for three days every year: this day is one of them." The tyrant smiled, though hurt, and let the Arab escape, notwithstanding his freedom.

* Governor of Irauk, under the caliph Abdal Malek.

Dr. Latimer's Present.

Dr. Latimer, one of the reformers, was raised to the bishopric of Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the king of a purse of gold on a new-year's day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but instead of a purse of gold, presented the king with a New Testament, in which a leaf was doubled down to this passage, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Such characters as this in the present age would be valuable.

Volunteer Heroism.

The following paragraph is copied from an Edinburgh newspaper, of the ninth of July, 1796: "An indictment has been preferred before the sheriff against a *breeches-maker*, for a violent assault on *three* of the *Royal Edinburgh volunteers!*"

Exposition on the Marriage Service.

A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives, but he stormed and swore, "Uds split hur nails, hur see no reason they had to hang hur for having two wives, when the priest told hur, before a great people, hur might have sixteen: four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer." (Instead of for better, &c.)

The Left-handed Baron.

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of *The left-handed Baron*, being detected some years ago, at Bath, secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment,

ment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

A Solution.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," says the quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now, thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, "pr'ythee let me ask thee a question.—Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?" "No," said the parson, "nor you neither, I believe," "Yes, I can," replied the quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?"

Sleepy Congregation.

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to his drowsy audience "when that poor creature," pointing to an ideot, who was leaning on a staff and staring at him, "is both awake and attentive;" "Perhaps, Sir," replied the fool, "I should have been asleep too if I had not been an idiot."

Slip of the Tongue.

A servant bringing a tongue into a room, it slipped from the plate, and fell on the ground. His master was angry, but relented when the fellow begged pardon, for, he said, "it was only a slip of

of the tongue" The answer so pleased the company, that they clubbed shillings a-piece to reward his wit. Another servant, desiring a like recompence, took an opportunity, when bring up a rump of beef, to let it fall in like manner, and said, "*it was only a slip of the tongue.* But he was dismissed, and forced to pay for cleaning the carpet.

Epitaph.

Here lies, escap'd from blood and slaughter,
Once *Underwood*—now *Under-water.*

A woman at Wigan in Lancashire, being told that candles had been raised twopence per pound on account of the war, said, "*Dang it,* are they got to *feighten by candle-light?*"

Price of Dogs.

A poor Limosin being at Paris, saw a very little lap-dog sold for four crowns, and made this reflection: "If so little a dog brings so large a price, what must a large dog bring?" After this sound and profound ratiocination, he returned to his own country, and collecting all the large curs he could procure, brought them to Paris, hoping to drive a trade which would enrich him in a few days.

Epigram.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his morals to mend.
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many;
"They lie," reply'd Tom, "*I never had any.*"

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